

Good and for you to do me a good that will be vivid in memory as many years after the world is burned up as all the sands of the seashore, and all the leaves of the forest, and all the grass blades of the field, and all the stars of heaven added together, and that aggregate multiplied by all the figures that all the bookkeepers of all time ever wrote.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM." That desire to be remembered after we are gone is a divinely implanted desire and not to be crushed out, but, I implore you, seek something better than the immortalization of rock or bronze or book. Put yourself into the eternity of those whom you help for both worlds, this and the next. Count a hundred souls and there will be through all the cycles of eternity at least a hundred souls that will be your monuments. A prominent member of this church was brought to God by some one saying to her at the church door at the close of service, "Come again!" Will it be possible for that one so invited to forget the invitation?

A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was the pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred souls in all eternity forget Matthew Cranswick? Will any of the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, forgetting Havlock and Outram and Sir David Beed, who broke in and effected their rescue?

To some of you who have loved and served the Lord heaven will be a great picture gallery of remembrance. Hosts of the glorified will never forget you. Ah, that is a way of building monuments that shall never feel the touch of decay. I do not ask you to suppress this natural desire of being remembered after you are gone, but I only want you to put your memorials into a shape that shall never weaken or fade. During the course of my ministry I have been intimately associated in Christian work with hundreds of good men and women.

My memory is hung with their portraits more accurate and vivid than anything that Rembrandt ever put on canvas. Father, Grise, De Witt, C. Moore, Fischer, Voorhees, E. P. Hopkins, William Stephens, John Van Rensselaer, Gasparie De Witt, Dr. Ward and hundreds of others, all of them gone out of this life, but I hold the memory of them and will hold them forever. They cannot escape from me. I will remember them just as they looked on earth, and I will remember many of you after the earth has been an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, what stuff the memory is for monument building!

THE SOUL TO OUTLAST THE PYRAMIDS. As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look at the pyramid at Gizeh. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that great pyramid seemed to be humanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out:

"Hear me, man, mortal and immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. I said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The floods and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hyppatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Ptolemy sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who mine. Beware what you do, oh, man, for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights, or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides today will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before him. Amen!"

And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great Giant of Masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight this course of sermons was projected.

Wonderful Egypt! Land of ancient pomp and pride. Where Beauty walks by heavy-lidded eyes, and where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile, And rolls—rich gifts of God—exquisite Nile.

Lamps for Cannon Inspection. An incandescent lamp, the invention of a French army officer, is placed at the end of a brass tube, blackened on the inside, with a mirror set in it at an angle of 45 degs., so that it will reflect up through the tube the light of the electric lamp below, which is thrown against the walls of the projectile or cannon which it is desirable to examine.

The lamp and tube are held in a central position by a brass ring, which fits in the center of the projectile, and through the ring the tube can be pushed by a twisting motion until the lamp reaches the bottom, and every part of the interior examined. A secondary battery, or a small hand dynamo, will furnish the current necessary to run the lamp.—New York Telegram.

#### Worthless Human Hair.

There is a fortune awaiting the man of sufficient ingenuity to invent some use for the refuse hair of the city's barber shops. There are in the city 1,365 such shops, running on an average three chairs each; and in them a grand total of not less than 1,000 bushels of hair clippings accumulate monthly. This hirsute mass of all degrees of color and quality is carted away with the ashes, to use having been found for it. These establishments which have ladies' departments attached, occasionally make use of the short locks of a fair customer who is generous enough to leave them behind. But the occasional are rare when the customer fails to take them away with her, so that the barber's revenue from this source is light.

One barber in this city once saved three bushels of sweepings from his shop for a plasterer. Two bushels of the stuff were returned the next day however, the plasterer having found that it was of no use to him as an ingredient in his plaster.—Philadelphia Record.

#### Workmen and Their Tools.

"Bad workmen," we are told, "always find fault with their tools." We might extend the significance of the axiom by stating that bad workmen make bad tools. We may satisfy ourselves as to its truth by a cursory inspection of the kit carried by a poor mechanic. In the machine shop of the tools, to say nothing of the surroundings, will tell us whether good artisans or second-rate workmen are employed. The shop turns out good or indifferent work. The make of the tools has little to do with the settlement of the question. The finest machine tools ever designed may be ruined by ill usage, and in fact, as a general rule, the more perfect the machine the more susceptible it will prove to gross ill treatment. Moreover, a shop full of good tools ruined by ill usage or neglect is a much sorer spectacle, to the experienced mechanic particularly, than an aggregation of second quality implements in a similar condition, and, as a general rule, a poor tool spoiled will do as good a job as the most expensive machine that has undergone maltreatment.

The appearance of a tool will betray the hand of the workman, no matter how badly worn. Fair hand wear is altogether different in its effects from willful misuse or the neglect that is born of ignorance. A man may wear a tool out, and it will still have an altogether different look to one that has been deliberately and carelessly ruined.—Safety Valve.

#### Seeing and Knowing.

An eminent Lord Chief Justice, who was trying a right of way case, had before him a witness—an old farmer—who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "known the path for sixty years, and my father told me I as he heeded my grandfather's eye."

"Stop!" said the judge: "You can't have any hearsay evidence here!" "No!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how do you know that my father was 'cept by hearsay?" After the laughter had subsided the judge said, "In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more or less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's there, daug' 'un!" This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.—Irish Times.

#### The Kind of Man to Avoid.

Fear Lawless checks the impetuosity of Roulet with, "He stumbles who runs fast," a sentiment true enough, perhaps, but one which ought never be repeated to the constitutionally slow story teller. I like a good story and am ever ready to applaud a good story teller, but heaven save me from the deliberate, detailing, circumlocuting, exasperating efforts of the slow story teller. In the first place they seldom tell a tale that needs a rapid recital—and when they do they murder it—and in the next place the long stories, the impressively sentimental and the lugubriously funny stories they deal in chiefly are seldom worth listening to.—Detroit Free Press.

#### What England Could Do in Case of War.

In two weeks after a declaration of war England could place fifty gunboats on the lakes, and more than thirty armored vessels in the harbors of our leading cities, and could concentrate 75,000 regular troops in Canada, backed by a sturdy militia, ready to march across our border, while in twice that time part of her Asiatic squadron could sail through the Golden Gate.—Col. T. A. Dodge in Forum.

#### A French System of Ventilation.

An ingenious application of electricity for ventilation has been brought out in France. An electric fan furnishes the current of air, which can be cooled by means of ice or other cooling agent. If hot air is required, electricity is sent through a series of meshes of wire, whose high resistance causes it to become hot, and the air passing through these is given the heat required.—New York Times.

#### Something Got Away.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." "Boarder—No! I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.—Brandon Bucksaw.

#### Age Comes Slowly.

"Miss Antiquity is aging very rapidly." "You must be wrong. She is only a year older now than she was five years ago. She says so herself."—Harper's Bazar.

#### The art of beautifying the complexion.

is ancient as its chief motive—the desire to obtain the admiration of the opposite sex. The women of gray antiquity knew how to give their cheeks the rosy hue denied by nature.

## A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherit it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other dangerous affections of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative,

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

## Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gama, Portugal. "For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Neb.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Dealers. \$1.00 per bottle.

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Portsmouth	6:55	7:10	8:00	8:15	9:00	9:15	10:00	10:15	11:00
Norfolk	7:10	7:25	8:15	8:30	9:15	9:30	10:15	10:30	11:15
Old Point Comfort	7:25	7:40	8:30	8:45	9:30	9:45	10:30	10:45	11:30
Cape Charles	7:40	7:55	8:45	9:00	9:45	10:00	10:45	11:00	11:45
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